

# THE HERALD.

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HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : KY.

## GRANDDAD'S ROCKIN' CHAIR.

A homely built, old-fashioned thing, its joints in every part worn and polished from an age of use; its crooked rockers seemed to cry as in exasperated pain.

For generations it had stood upon the footstool from which the flames licked upward through the chimney wide.

And young and old through years of time had loved and venerated it. That old split-bottomed rocking chair in which her granddad used to sit.

She told me all its history, that maiden of the rosy face, As we would sit on winter nights before the cheery old fireplace.

From when it left the builder's hands and sat as if in silent pride Within a humble cottage when her grand-mother loved a bride.

Down through the generations till her sire inherited the prize. And as she talked the pleasant light that lit the azure of her eyes.

Enchained my heart in willing bonds, And I too, pined my love to it. That old split-bottomed rocking chair in which her granddad used to sit.

—Denver Post.

## The Musician Next Door.

By S. Rhett Roman.

It may be that a flute is worse than a piano in the hands of an unreasonable individual. I ruminated. But then again no man can expend on a flute more than one hour at a time. Human lungs could stand no more. But the piano offers a limitless length of time in which to exorcise the ears and nerves of a next-door neighbor.

"You say you signed a year's lease for these rooms?" I asked Harris. "Yes, sir; they seemed to agree with your instructions, so I thought I had better take them, as they are downtown and in pretty good condition. You said in the French part of town, sir."

"So I did, Harris. They are very good rooms and you've had them renovated quite satisfactorily. The upholsterer you employed knows his business," I remarked, looking around at the really fine antique furniture filling the high-ceilinged, spacious, old-fashioned rooms and the somber but beautiful draperies, whose tones chimed excellently well with the black rosewood, dark mahogany and old oak, which made up the furnishing of any suite of rooms in the dilapidated old French quarter of this pleasant Southern city.

"It's all right, Harris. Those brackets and mantle ornaments are superb. I'm glad you had thing laid in the bathroom and electric lights and bells put around. I wish you had found out that musician, however. Who is he?"

"He has a French name, sir. Mr. St. Julian Daubert. He plays in the orchestra at the French opera. I had known about his living next door. I wouldn't have taken the rooms, sir. When I heard of it I thought the walls were so thick you wouldn't be annoyed." Harris was serving the first meal I was enjoying in my new quarters, and while giving this explanation a rhythmic running of scales came faintly but audibly from somebody's very nimble fingers over next door.

"It wouldn't be so loud," ventured Harris, consolingly, placing Riquetoff and coffee on the table, "if the glass doors on the front piazza were shut. But it seemed so springlike I thought I'd better open them, sir."

"Leave them alone," I interposed, as Harris went through the drawing room towards the pretty old-fashioned French windows opening on a broad veranda, evidently intending to close them.

The scales drifted into some wonderful exercises—at least I supposed they were—then I recognized Mendelssohn, and by the time I had lighted a cigar and was seated comfortably in an armchair by the side of a wood fire in an open fireplace, I was half-way reconciled to Mr. St. Julian Daubert's music. His rendering and execution were astonishingly good.

remodeled and so gracefully reminiscent of times and days long past, had taken a strong hold on my fancy, and I would certainly leave them with regret.

"I think the old gentleman goes out to give his lessons, sir. I see him pass with his violin case every day," Harris explained, lighting the candles placed in bronze candelabra against the wall.

I insisted on their being used, because the light mingled pleasantly with the gas and softened it. Who cares for any but the old masters, if once familiar with their sublime inspirations, I thought, lazily enjoying the glorious strains.

Monsieur Daubert's sonatas carried me pleasantly back to Heidelberg and Leipzig, and my university days, and in the light curl of smoke, going up from my cigar to the faded frescoes of the ceiling, I seemed to see the laughing face of a certain little baroness, who certainly taught me more and better German than the professors did.

Back did Handel, and those days of youthful love and folly, and the light-hearted joy all came back on the rippling notes.

It was late when Monsieur Daubert closed his Erard with a bang. Brushing away the pleasant old memories, and getting up from my easy chair, I prepared to follow his example and go to bed.

"It won't be so unendurable," I thought, the moonlight sonata still ringing in my ears, "provided he doesn't give music lessons."

Things never turn out as they are expected to, of course, as makes the surprise of joy and anguish which go to make up human existence.

I unconsciously grew to wait impatiently for those pleasant evening hours of practice on the piano by my next-door neighbor.

It seemed to me when I had lived for some months in my beautiful old rooms, from whose balcony a distant glimpse of crowded shipping along the river front was visible, and into whose recesses the wind wafted scents of sweet olive and other winter blossoms from a square nearby, as the early spring came, and the doors on the balcony were thrown open, I grew to imagine I could read the character of my neighbor, the musician, in the touch on the keyboards, and by his wonderful interpretation, of the thoughts, heart-beats and sublime aspirations, as expressed in the music he drew in so masterly and pathetic a fashion from the instrument, which talked and played and vent and dreamed strange dreams, under his touch.

Yes, I could read it all distinctly. There was a deep intensity of feeling, grand aspirations, pathetic sorrow, and a gentleness almost feminine, and yet a bold-spirited decision in my artist neighbor which betrayed a character of infinite capacities and loveableness.

"Harris, take this note over and wait for an answer. I hope Mr. Daubert will dine with me this evening."

When he came it seemed a burlesque on my romantic reading of his character, to see what an insignificant man Mr. Daubert really was, although refined and remarkably good-looking.

There was neither strength nor power in his face, but he was well-bred and pleasant. I laughed secretly at my absurd interpretation of imaginary characteristics because the skillful technique of a trained musician interpreted correctly some splendid pages of music.

Monsieur Daubert grew flushed and decidedly voluble, and enjoyed the upholsterer, you employed knows his business," I remarked, looking around at the really fine antique furniture filling the high-ceilinged, spacious, old-fashioned rooms and the somber but beautiful draperies, whose tones chimed excellently well with the black rosewood, dark mahogany and old oak, which made up the furnishing of any suite of rooms in the dilapidated old French quarter of this pleasant Southern city.

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home by his friends. He had been drinking. He'd be all right in the morning."

Two men coming out of my neighbor's door, speaking volubly in French, corroborated the man's statement.

I went back, turned on the electric lights and prepared for an hour or two of hard work, wondering over what seemed rather inexplicable.

It was quite late when there was a light, hurried knock at the door. "I'm afraid he is very ill. He is so restless, and he does not recognize me. I can't leave him, and I saw the light over here, so I thought—"

I stood silent, too much amazed at the beauty of the face before me, to answer her timid request, until a soft color like a pink flame swept over it and her great grey eyes filled with tears.

"Beg your pardon a thousand times," I said hurriedly. "Of course I will do anything in the world for Monsieur Daubert. I am sure you will let me go to him I can judge better what to do."

We went down stairs and over into my neighbor's room, which was bare and forlorn, an Erard piano standing against the partition wall.

On a poor, little cot Mr. Daubert lay, muttering and tossing. "Nothing to be alarmed about," I said, arranging a bandage through which blood had oozed.

She knelt by him, and leaning her head near him, murmured soothingly, while stroking his restless hands. "Who is she?" I wondered, doing what I could to relieve him, before going for a physician and nurse.

When I came back with both I learned that the wound was not serious.

His habits, like all those Bohemian musicians, are evidently very bad. "The man is a hard drinker. But he'll be all over it in a few days," my friend Bolton said, writing out a prescription, after giving directions.

"That daughter of his is the most perfectly beautiful woman I ever saw. Splendid, too. She's devoted to him, and miles superior to him. Good old stock, but he's gone to the dogs, and she follows him all over the country, to take care of him. Strangers? No, indeed, I've known 'em for years."

Bolton added, as we went down the hall together. "Why, I've told Alma a hundred times she ought to marry me instead of supporting that, her good-for-nothing father, teaching music and nursing him when he gets into trouble. She's the greatest pianist I ever heard, and the grandest woman I know."

The front door closed on Bolton, who promised to come early in the morning, and I went slowly back to the bare room where the wounded man lay.

"The nurse says she won't have you here. That you must go to bed," I said, gently taking Alma's hand and leading her away.

We nursed him together for a few days, and he recovered. "We leave to-morrow," Alma said, leaning her folded arms on the iron railing of the balcony that last evening I recall so well. She was looking musically out at the ancient old city, and narrow, lamp-lit streets, softened by faint mists, and the shadows of night.

"But I will never forget your kindness," she said softly. "You will come back?" I asked slowly.

"Oh, yes, some day—when we are married," she added, smiling, while a radiance swept over her face.

The Erard piano was to be carted away after they left.

But now it stands in a corner of this room and the Cupids and Psyche in the frescoed ceiling look laughingly down because it is never open.

It am getting on very well with my work. I have collected an immense amount of valuable data. The press has made flattering mention—entirely unsolicited—as to the coming book and its author.

"Reputation and wealth? Satisfied ambition? Bah!"

The evenings are dull and slow in passing, and I often sit idle and long vainly for the light touch of agile fingers to bring to me those melodies which used to drift in with the moonlight, through the open door.

But the scratching of my pen is the only sound audible. She slipped away from me, like the pale light on the balcony, and these empty, useless years—N. O. Times-Democrat.

His Word for It.

Mrs. Brown is a woman equally remarkable for kindness of heart and absence of mind. One day she was accosted by a beggar, whose stout and healthy appearance startled even her into doubt of the need of charity in this case.

"Yes," she exclaimed, "you look well able to work."

"Why," replied the suppliant, "but I have been deaf and dumb these seven years."

"Poor man! What an affliction!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, opening her purse and handing him a quarter. On returning home she mentioned the occurrence, and remarked, "What a dreadful thing it is to be deprived of such faculties!"

"But how," asked the daughter, "did you know that the man was deaf and dumb?"

"Why," was the innocent answer, "he told me so."—Youth's Companion.

Chief Obstacle to Success.

The habit of skimming, of doing things in a careless, superficial manner is one of the greatest stumbling-blocks to success, and it is a habit to which young Americans are especially prone. In the hurry to rush ahead and achieve in one year or two what it has taken others, perhaps with more ability and more power, years and years of patient toil and waiting to accomplish, they commit blunders and fall into errors which retard, and, perhaps, indefinitely postpone, their advancement.—O. S. Marden, in Success.

Friendly Comment.

## ONE OF THE EARLY BIRDS.



—Boston Herald.

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Successful experiments have been made for obtaining alcohol and sugar from pine and birch sawdust.

In Canton there are 12 German firms which do 50 per cent. of the total import trade of that port, and 75 per cent. of the export traffic.

That the gas engine, large or small, is now developed to an efficiency at which it can rival the steam engine in reliability is admitted.

French cabinet-makers have learned a way of preparing sawdust and making it into articles of ornament that resemble carved woodwork.

The Geographical society of London has awarded the Gill memorial medal to Ellsworth Huntington, the American explorer of the Euphrates region.

On the 24th of February last just 100 years had expired since the first sidewalk, as we know them, were built in Paris, the first city in the world that had them.

An island off the Russian coast at Cape Ruzskij Saworoff recently left its moorings and drifted northward. The government had to send a steamer to rescue the inhabitants.

France has an excess of firewood, which sells with difficulty, and an insufficiency of wood for manufacture. Her bill for imported wood amounts to \$2,000,000 a year. England's is 50 times that sum.

The cause of dizziness or vertigo in looking from the top of a high tower or building is that in looking about the eye must adjust itself so rapidly to different horizons that one gets the sensation of a lack of equilibrium.

## HE HATCHED TROUBLE.

Somewhat Flimsy Reminiscences of a Rooster Who Was Picked.

"Alas," sighs the poor husband as his wife leaves the room and he picks himself out of the debris of the book-shelves; "alas! what a goose I was to call her my little duck!"

He buries himself in sorrowful reflections, says Judge.

"Yes," says moans, "that was what started it all. At that time I did not know she was no spring chicken. I thought she was a bird."

He rubs his nose and fingers his ears gingerly.

"I thought, when I asked her to share my nest," he mutters, "that I would rule the roost."

Thinking anew of the poker party to which he had been invited that evening, and to which, because of circumstances beyond his control, he was not going, he said.

"What a joy I was! No wonder she calls me an old peacock! And no wonder the neighbors say I am hen-pecked!"

He begins tearing his hair again, when his wife re-enters the room. The sight of him ruffles her.

"Come off the perch!" she snaps. "There is a limit to human endurance. That night he flew the coop."

How One Indian Wrote.

"A Creek Indian gave me the neatest story in the Wagner record, during a brief period of respite from Uncle Sam's duties. 'About 20 witnesses were poked in behind the rail in my office waiting for their fees. I had the register book ready and they each had to sign. I came to this Indian and he pulled the book toward him, upside down, mind you, reached for a pencil and started to sign. I told him to hold on, not to sign it upside down, and tried to turn the book around. We were not allowed to have signatures on the record, and the government's mighty particular. The Indian put his hand on the book and held it and says: 'It's all right this way.' And blame me if he didn't sign his name backward and upside down as quickly and in a better hand than I can write in my ordinary manner. Fact is, the Indian is, as a whole, a long sight, better educated and a better writer than the white men who live among them.'—Kansas City Journal.

Patting Them to the Test.

Mabel—I've been taking painting lessons for six weeks, and now I'm going to have an exhibition and invite all my friends.

Jack—That's a good way to find out who are your real friends.—Stray Stories.

These splendid girls are the mothers of the nation, and their influence on affairs is immeasurable.

Now think of this beautiful American girl having been a wife for ten years at 18, just as she is on the threshold of young womanhood. Think of this and you will have a picture of the Indian woman at 18. But many of the Indian child wives do not live to be even 18. Many more are wrinkled old grandmothers at 20. At 25 those who have survived their long years of agonized widowhood not even a remnant of beauty or symmetry of figure left.

The Indian widow is a social outcast. She is blamed for the death of her husband. She is everybody's slave. To marry her would be to lose your caste. They think mothers-in-law are bad enough over here, but in India the child wife is the servant, the slave of the mother-in-law. The Indian wife is her husband's slave; the American wife is her husband's peer in most things, his superior in other things. The Indian husband is worshiped by his wife as her god; the American wife is often called "divine" by her devoted husband.

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

You can't convince a brunette that all is fair in love.—Chicago Daily News.

Snapped Up.—Mrs. Hanson—"I can't imagine how such a horridly homey man as Mr. Puggins ever got a wife."

Mr. Hanson—"He used to work at Silk & Co.'s, and possibly forgot himself, and sat down on the bargain counter."

—N. Y. Weekly.

Mr. Pansy—"Just think, I was told to-day of a man who buried a wife and two children in the afternoon, and then went to the theater in the evening."

Mrs. Pansy—"And yet, he wasn't inconsiderate; he was only an undertaker."—Town and Country.

Sympathy.—"That actor seems to be thoroughly in sympathy with Shakespeare," said the admirer. "Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes; "he is in a position to sympathize with him. Shakespeare, you know, was regarded as an exceptionally inferior actor."—Washington Star.

A Diplomatic Editor.—A young lady recently sent this extraordinary request to the editor of her church paper: "Do you think it is right for a girl to sit in a man's lap, even if she is engaged?"

The religious editor answered her question thusly: "If it were our girl and our lap, yes; if it were another fellow's girl and our lap, yes; but if it were our girl and another fellow's lap, never! never! never!"—Buffalo Times.

Legally Qualified.—An old but still slightly patriarch stepped up to vote. "How long have you resided in this precinct?" asked one of the judges of the election. "Let me see," said the old man, musingly. "I moved here the next year after Lamech was born. Seven from nine leaves two. Eight from 16 is eight. One to carry. Two from nine is seven. Something over 700 years, gentlemen. I am old enough to vote, too—if anybody should ask you." Whereupon, there being no objection, Methuselah—for it was he—was allowed to deposit his ballot.—Baltimore American.

Pearl Parasites.

The precious pearl is produced, at least in many cases, by the presence of a minute parasite in the shell-secreting mantle of the pearl-oyster and other mollusks from which pearls are obtained. A spherical sac forms around the parasite, which becomes a nucleus about which the substance of the gem is gradually built up in concentric layers. Sometimes the parasite remains at the center of the pearl, and sometimes it migrates from the sac before it has become hopelessly imprisoned.

Reasoning upon these facts, Dr. H. Lyster Jameson, to whose efforts the discovery of some of them is due, suggests the possibility of the artificial production of marketable pearls by infecting beds of pearl-oysters with the particular species of parasites that are known to attack such mollusks with the effects above described.—Youth's Companion.

Might Have Been Worse.

Senator Mason, of Illinois, sat in his committee room looking out at the sunshine and singing merrily, albeit somewhat off the key.

"You seem happy, Billy," said a friend who came in, "for a man who has just been beaten for reelection."

"Why not?" asked Mason. "I always tried to look on the bright side of things. Do you remember the story of the Irish shoemaker out in Chicago who had both legs cut off by a train?"

"Cheer up," said the surgeon, who came in trim him up. "It might have been worse. You can still work at your trade."

"Sure it might have been worse," answered the Irishman. "Suppose I had been a chorus girl."—Pittsburg Gazette.

## American Women Lead the World

By MRS. CAROLINE P. WALLACE, Lecturer on the Women of India.

THE American girl is the most beautiful on earth. Her fullness of health and vigor and spirit command the admiration of both sexes all over the world, while Indian girls are shriveled, wrinkled, and ready to die at 18.

These splendid girls are the mothers of the nation, and their influence on affairs is immeasurable.

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## SALT FOR THE AGED.

The Common Article Used by Berlin Physician to Prevent Arterial Degeneration.

An exceedingly interesting investigation of the causes and ills of advancing age has recently been conducted by Dr. Trunczek, a noted Berlin scientist. He declares that the most characteristic of these ills is due to deficiency of salt in the blood which causes a hardening of the arteries, arteriosclerosis, as physicians term it. Dr. Trunczek has been treating aged patients suffering from arteriosclerosis by injection of a saline solution and with very astonishing results, states the Chicago American.

Arteriosclerosis is an affection almost exclusively confined to the second half of life, for it depends on all kinds of chronic poisoning and on the use and maltreatment of the arterial walls. Nevertheless, it is not excessively rare to meet with it in subjects who are yet young, either because of a special predisposition, of peculiar vulnerability of the blood vessels, or of serious chemical or microbial poisoning.

This malady is characterized by a local or general thickening, which, starting in the internal layer of the artery, extends later to the middle and outer layers. It forms in the great arterial trunks more or less numerous layers, isolated or confluent, often resembling cartilage, and infiltrated with calcareous salts, among which phosphate of lime holds a foremost place. In the small arteries and the capillaries the hardening process goes so far as to transform their walls into a fibrous and compact tissue that gives to the touch the sensation of a rigid tube or cord.

The disagreeable and even dangerous consequences of such a change in one's arteries are apparent. It may result in their further degeneration and ulceration of the arterial walls, ending in death, and if matters do not go so far, it may lead at least to loss of elasticity in the greater arteries with diminution of the caliber, and to the actual obliteration of their finer branches. The blood does not flow so readily through them and anemia results, with all its connected evils. The resistance encountered by the blood increases the work of the heart, whose enlargement often follows, as well as other heart troubles dependent on disorders of the nervous system.

When a man or a woman has attained a certain age and may be said to be in his or her declining years, arteriosclerosis is a malady almost impossible to avoid. A deposit of calcareous salts, and particularly of phosphate of lime—a compound insoluble in distilled water, but soluble in a solution of common salt—constitutes the principal factor of the malady.

One moonlight night in June, 1902, while strolling through the grounds with Mr. Charles F. McKim, one of the members of the park commission, we seated ourselves on one of those mounds which tradition ascribes to John Quincy Adams' taste in landscape-architecture. Charles Moore, in "The Restoration of the White House in Century. That afternoon crowds of people arrayed in joyous costumes befitting the semi-tragic had come from the hot city to rest under the trees and listen to the Saturday concert of the Marine band. The musicians, clad in white duck, were located in a little depression, so that the sound of the music rolled up the slopes to the attentive audience.

A year before we had observed the same effect at Versailles; and both the similarities and the differences of the two pictures were being discussed as we sat in the quiet night, behind the locked gates, where not a sound from the city streets broke the grateful noise of water splashing in the fountains. On the high portico the president sat amid a group of witnesses, and the lights of their cigars were "echoed" by the drowsy fires flitting about the grounds, only the brilliantly lighted windows of the secretary's office even suggesting the workaday world. The moonlight, shining full on the white house, revealed the "harmonious lines of its graceful shape."

"Tell me," I asked the architect, "among the great houses that have been built during recent years in the general style of the white house—many of them larger and much more costly—is there any that, in point of architecture, surpasses it?"

"No; there is not one in the same class with it," he replied, deliberately—a judgment confirmed later under the moonlight sun.

Killing Turtles with Arrows.

Killing a turtle with an arrow seems a very difficult feat, since a very hard shell covers practically all of the animal, yet the natives of the Andaman islands kill huge turtles with arrows as easily as American sportsmen kill rabbits with shot. Accustomed from their childhood to use bows and arrows, they soon become wonderfully skilled in the use of these primitive weapons, and, as they know the place where the turtles congregate, it is easy for them at any time to bring home a good bag of game. Sometimes they try their skill on large fish, and though the latter are harder to kill than turtles, there are a few islanders who rarely miss their mark.—Fishing Gazette.

A Suggestion.

Burgess—What a humbug Doliver is! When I asked him if he had read my article about 'The Epochal Era,' he said he had, and that it was the finest thing he had seen for years; but when I came to question him I found he didn't know the first thing about the article. What do you think of that?

Yerrow—I think it should be a lesson to you to let well enough alone next time.—Boston Transcript.

A Training Table.

"Friend of mine to-day," said Mr. Kidder, "was talking of coming here to board."

"I hope," remarked Mrs. Starvem, "you were pleased to recommend our table, and—"

"Sure! Told him it was just the thing for him. He's a pugilist, and wants to increase his reach."—Cockle Standard and Times.

**A Farmer's Good Story.**

Velpen, Ind., April 25th.—Wm. O. Sullivan, a highly respected farmer of that place, tells a personal experience to show that there is still some gentleness and honest worth to be met with in a village in which so many frauds are reported.

"Yes, I have been humbugged," said Mr. Sullivan, "and when I was with the Rheumatism, Kidney and Heart Trouble, I used a good deal of stuff that claimed to be remedies for these diseases only to find them worthless."

"But, as you know, I did find the genuine remedy after all and I had not been taking Dodd's Kidney Pills very long before I knew that they were an honest remedy for my trouble. I cured me, made a well man of me and I am now as sound as I ever was."

"I can testify that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a genuine remedy for Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble."